

A WINTER DAY

While Perry skied  
Bonner Summit I  
dressed for cold,  
packed a lunch  
& took our three  
dogs for a walk.  
Stopping just above  
Prosser Creek I  
sat on snow-free  
needles under a large  
pine & tried to  
eat my lunch.  
Heidi stole half  
my sandwich while  
I was watching  
water cut under snow  
banks, over roots  
& stones heading  
east toward Nevada.  
I cussed her &  
drank my wine,  
not really angry  
in such good company  
& comforted by a  
gracefully snowing  
winter day.

HE THINKS ABOUT LOVE

In his late years,  
bound by doubt &  
worry, he thinks  
about love — how  
it tastes, how it  
feels, how freezing  
it is, & approaches  
his wife for the  
umpteenth time,  
weak in his knees,  
heart in his throat.

DECEMBER 31, 1989

It's New Year's Eve.  
My wife rents  
three movies to  
last until 12.  
I get to bed  
at eight.  
Movies I see  
in dreams move  
me much more.  
I listen to Chopin  
& read poems by  
Nazim Hikmet.  
He allows readers  
to enter his heart  
long after he  
has left us.  
Starting tomorrow,  
I promise myself,  
I'll try to pry  
open my heart.

PAT'S CAT

Coco's in our  
bathtub slipping  
& sliding, slapping  
a marble-size  
foil ball.  
As her mind  
loses speed she  
lopes up to me  
humming & drops  
the ball at  
my feet.